

Advertising is to business what steam power is to machinery—the grand motive power. —MACAULAY.

THE ATHENA PRESS.

There is but one way of obtaining business—publicity; but one way of obtaining publicity—advertising. —BLACKWOOD.

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The Mail.
Mail closes for Pendleton, Portland, and all points east, except the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin, at 5:30 p. m.
For Walla Walla, Spokane and North Pacific points at 7:30 p. m.
Mail arrives from Pendleton, Portland and the east at 7:45 a. m.
From Walla Walla, Spokane and North Pacific points at 8:15 p. m.
Office hours—General delivery open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sundays, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Money order window open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Geo. H. HANSELL, Postmaster.

LOGE DIRECTORY

A. F. & M. NO. 80 MEETS THE
First and Third Saturday Evenings of each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited to visit the lodge.

I. O. O. F. NO. 73, MEETS EVERY
Friday night. Visiting Odd Fellows in good standing always welcome.

A. O. U. W. NO. 104, MEETS THE
Second and Fourth Saturdays of each month.
L. A. GIBBENS, Recorder.

PYTHIAN, NO. 29, MEETS EVERY
Thursday Night.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. S. SHARP,
Physician and Surgeon.
Calls promptly answered. Office on Third Street, Athena, Oregon.

DR. CARLISLE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Calls promptly attended to day or night.
Office: Main Street, Athena, Or.

DR. L. N. RICHARDSON,
OPERATIVE PROSTHETIC DENTIST.

ATHENA, OREGON.

W. & C. R. Ry. Co.

in connection with
NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

—Forms the—
QUICKEST AND BEST ROUTE

Between Eastern Oregon and Astoria and Puget sound points, as well as the Popular and Direct Line to all

Points East & Southeast

Pullman Sleeping Cars.
Superb Dining Cars.
Free 2d-Class Sleepers.

THROUGH TO CHICAGO VIA THIS LINE
Passenger trains of this Company are running regularly between

Dayton, Waitsburg, Walla Walla, Wash. and Pendleton, Oregon.

Making close connections at Hunt's Junction with Northern Pacific trains for Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, B. C., Ellensburg, North Yakima, Pasco, Sprague, Cheney, Davenport, Spokane, Butte, Helena, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

AND ALL POINTS EAST.

TOURISTS-SLEEPING CARS.

For Accommodation of Second-Class Passenger Attached to Express Trains.

W. F. WAMBLEY,
Gen'l Frt and Pass. Agt., Walla Walla Wash.
W. D. TYLER,
Pres. and Gen'l Manager.
J. A. MUIRHEAD,
Agent Athena, Oregon.

SOMETHING NEW!

Prof. Lane, the artist, has leased rooms over the First National Bank which he has converted into a

STUDIO

and is now prepared to instruct a large number of students in oil painting and free hand pencil drawing. Nice quiet rooms. Prices reasonable.

PROF. J. S. HENRY,
INSTRUCTOR

—ON—
PIANO AND ORGAN.

Will be in Athena on Thursday's and Wednesday's of each week hereafter. Leave order with F. Rozewski, at C. Hollis' Athena.

J. F. FORD, Evangelist.
of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date of March 22, 1893:

S. B. MED. Mrs. C. G.
Dufur, Oregon.

Gentlemen:
On arriving home last week, I found all well and anxiously awaiting. Our little girl, eight and one-half years old, who had wasted away to 39 pounds, is now well, strong and vigorous, and well fleshed up. S. B. Cough Cure has done its work well. Both of the children like it. Your S. B. Cough Cure has cured and kept away all hoarseness from me. So give it to every one, with greetings for all. Wishing you prosperity, we are

Yours, Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Ford.
If you wish to feel fresh and cheerful, and ready for the Spring work, cleanse your system with the Hemlock and Liver Cure, by taking two or three doses each week.

35 cents per bottle by all druggists.
Sold under a positive guarantee by the Pioneer Drug store.

ADIEU!
You have a heart of fire and gold—
Nor gold nor fire for me is bright
I would forget those days of old,
Which seemed to show your heart's right.

Not mine to mix among the crowd
Who worship you and bend the knee—
To sing your praises long and loud,
Low voice is reserved for me.

My love, that is both dumb and deep,
Is freely given, as 'tis true;
What secret still the fates may keep
I know not, but I say adieu!

I say adieu because my part
Must be to leave that whirling train,
Where every moment is a part,
And every day a year of pain.

—Walter H. Fallock in Longman's Magazine.

IN THE CAB.

"He allers was queer, Del was."
The observation was given without solicitation. Jerome Bonner was not the man to wait for an invitation to express his opinion. His long habit of sitting on the box with his hand on the throttle ready to "pull her open" did not influence him in conversation. Only in the cab, with the schedule before him, was he amenable to signal. There he was trusted. The superintendent considered him the safest engineer on the road.

When he took a train out, the dispatcher breathed easily, for there were some daveiled engineers in the employ of that company. They would rattle a train around curves and shoot down grades with the greatest disregard for the passengers' comfort and fears. There were men who delighted in the shrieks of the whistle. How they would laugh when who was frightened and screamed back the strident voice of the engine. There were many such men in the pay of the Kane and Carney railroad, but Jerome Bonner was not one of them, nor was Delahanty. He was a freeman and had been on the road two years when the wreck occurred on Kane hill. It was the memory of the wreck that led Jerome Bonner to remark to a passenger about Delahanty's eccentricities.

A little group had surrounded Jerome at the water tank and signal station on Kane hill, where a danger flag had pulled up the train. The conductor was up stairs waiting for orders. There was a wreck above—some cars on the track—and there was a prospect of a long delay. Jerome had got out of the cab and was sitting in the sun on one of the ground timbers of the tank trestle. The fireman had made himself comfortable on his box and with feet sticking out of the window was taking a snooze. The engine sputtered occasionally as if impatient. Most of the passengers were wandering about aimlessly, some chatting, others looking in the bush for berries of the wintergreen, and all were beginning to fret. Even those around Jerome were hoping he would take matters into his own hands and run the train over the hill. He, however, attracted their attention when to one of them he spoke the words of the opening sentence. "Tell us about him, won't you, please?" asked a mite of a woman, an excursionist.

"Oh, do, if it is a story. I am so tired of this stupid wait," said her companion, not an overlarge woman herself and apparently biased.

"Fraid Delahanty won't interest you ladies much. He was a commonplace man, but popular—mighty popular with the boys, 'spite of his queerness."
"Then do tell us about him."
"Well, he and me courted the same girl, Susan Briggs, a black-eyed gurl as ever you see—and, party, no mistake. And mebbe that's why I thought Del queer acint, and mebbe he'd the same 'pinion uv me. Sence then I have allers noticed that men in luv with the same gurl see each other 'bout as a delirium tremens subject sees snakes. Costy, try them ganges."

Costy, the fireman, awoke out of his snooze and tried the ganges. The engine was not supplied with an injector, and Jerome was desirous of knowing the depth of water in the boilers. If it was low he would have to run the engine up the track to "pump up," and that would interrupt the story.

"Two and a half," called Costy, and flashed himself on the box again, while, satisfied with the report, Jerome resumed his story.

"I was on the road, and Del wanted work, but there was no job for him. He wanted to fire. One day Jim Morgan got sick, and when I went to the roundhouse the next mornin there war Delahanty in bran nose overalls rubbin the brass on No. 12. No 12 was my engine. I nodded to him and then hunted up the foreman of the roundhouse. 'Del's goin out with you this trip. Jim Morgan's too sick! There was no help for it, so I went back, jumped into the cab and ran her out into the yard. Del looked up from the headrail on the boiler with a kind uv hurt look on his face."

"The fireman usually bring out the engine. Lettin him do it was a way of sayin he could be trusted to run an engine. Del kept on rubbin the rod and makin it shine as I backed down and coupled. I mind lookin at him. He was between me and the track, and I had to look over the side winder. He war big, and I knowed things war not right between us, and I said nothin. He seemed hankerin fur a fight. Minute we coupled Del came in through his winder, throwed the waste in the box and jerked open the door of the firebox. Jist then the going rung, and I give 12 the steam. Del showed in some coal, and as we got under headway he came to my side of the cab and stood between it and the tender."

"I knowed what he come fur, and it made me mad. Susan Briggs lived jist at the edge uv the town and was allers out fur my train, and Del knowed it. So he war goin to let her see him on the same cab with me, and in overalls. I war so durn mad I jist looked straight ahead, while he nodded and laughed at Susan, and she nodded and laughed at him. He looked back till we got round the curve and then went grinnin to his box. 'Tarnation! I war so mad I could scarcely see the track, and I run like fury."

"Del and me didn't talk much on that trip. When 12 war in the roundhouse again, I went right off, but Del hung round for it and made up my mind Susan would have to settle which she would have mighty quick. If she took Del, all right. But she had to come to the point. But, Lord! and here Jerome glanced at the lady passengers, "I could allers run an engine, but manage a woman war more than I could do."

"The long and short uv it was that Del and me run on 12 for about two year, and Susan would not make up her mind. Del and me war good friends, so far as the world knowed, but we war far apart in our hearts."

"We never had a wheel off before the night when Del pulled 12 through on Kane hill."

"We had stepped at the tank fur water. Del war at the spot, and I war leanin out, looking back fur his signal. Susan had been sort of preferin me uv late, and I war feelin good. Del war sulky and stood with his head down, waitin fur the tank to fill."

"Men will think the truth if they don't speak it, and lookin at Del I says to myself, 'He's a finer lookin feller than you, Jerome Bonner, and Susan Briggs knows it.' I shut off the safety valve. The steam had been blowin off and makin a good deal of noise. The moonlight made it very ghostly, and once in awhile I looked up at it. When it was out of there, there war a rumble out uv the stillness that reached Del quick as it did me. We both looked up the hill, and there, roundin the curve, war a shadow. We knowed at once it war a runaway train comin down on us. Waal, runaway trains with nobody on them had happened before, and we knowed what to do."

"Cut her loose, Del, I yelled."
"He dropped on the platform and called: 'Back a little.'"
"I reversed 12 and eased the link."
"Go ahead," he yelled.
"And as I opened the throttle I heard the link drop against the drawbar. We war free; 12 war loose, so-goin to meet the train mashin down on her. I patted the iron gurl, fur I was fond uv her, and she went up the hill as a bird, and I, forgettin all about Del, stooped over to lock the door uv the firebox."

"A great big hand grabbed me by the throat, and looking up over my shoulder I saw Del. His face was as black as midnight when there's no moon, and in his right hand he had a couplin pin."
"Yer have got to jump, Jerome Bonner," he said.
"Let go uv me, I managed to say, while I hung on to the reverse lever."
"I won't. Yer have got to jump and I'll pull 12 through."
"He loosened his grip on my throat."
"Do you want to make me talk uv as a coward?" I asked.
"We both of us could hear the train gettin closer."
"Jerome, if you jump you'll save me from bein a murderer. If you don't get out of my reach, I'll kill you and take my chances uv gettin through all right. Then I'll marry Susan Briggs. Quick—make up your mind. Promise me you'll jump, or I'll kill yer, and I don't want to be yer murderer—and if I die in the bump you will be alive to marry Susan. She likes you best and me next. Jump!"
"He pulled me off the box and shoved me across the cab. The train was leavin me over mebbe. Del was still behind me holdin the pin up ready to strike, and I knew he would. He war strong, and I had to go. Out I went, and I landed safe. No 12 met the train plucky and stopped it dead. The cars piled all over her and buried the cab. Jist before she struck Del throwed the safety valve open and shut her off. Then he stood still."

"He war knocked part through the window when the bump came, and I found him there. I felt like a sneakin coward. Del had pretended he would kill me jist to get me off the engine, and there he war dead and me livin. My mouth war shut to the world, but I went home to Susan and told her how Del had died for her. 'He believed you liked me best, Susan, and if I got killed you would feel awful bad, so he jist drove me off 12 with a couplin pin, and then stood by her.'"
"The tears came into Susan's eyes, and she wiped them on her apron. I war holdin her hand, and she took it away. I liked her fur weepin and lettin go uv me. If she hadn't, I'd a-turned agin her. Feelin that she'd like to be alone, I went away."

"I met her at Del's funeral. She war quiet and sad, and I only nodded to her. The people all wondered 'bout my jumpin and thought me a coward, but nobody dared say so. Susan knowed I warnt, and I didn't care what the other people thought."

"I didn't say nothin to Susan about gettin married fur about six months after Delahanty war buried, and when I spoke uv it at last she made up her mind."

"Jerome," she said, "I allers believed I liked you better'n Del, but ever since he died I've felt like his widdler, and I know you ain't courtin me that way."

"And I warnt. So I left her, and I ain't made up my mind yet to court her widdler. Then mebbe Susan would be my widdler."

"Ladies," said Jerome as he arose from the beam, "would you like to ride on the engine? I am goin to run up the hill to pump water into the boiler, and I'll show you where Delahanty died."

The lady travelers accepted the invitation. Jerome gallantly helped them in the cab and started the engine up the hill.—Alfred L. King in New York Dispatch.

Method in Her Request.
Little Girl (ready for bed)—Mamma, will you tell me a ghost story?
Mamma—What! A ghost story now, dear?
Little Girl—Yes, mamma. I want to get awfully scared so that I can sleep with you.—Texas Scissors.

Two Doctors.

In the current magazines two widely different individuals offer their remedies for the present business depression and hard times. One is Dr. Albert Shaw of The Review of Reviews. Being an editor, of course he is a wise man. The other gentleman is Mr. Newton L. Bunnell, an agriculturist, who writes in The North American Review. Being a farmer, Mr. Bunnell is of course an honest man as well as a wise one.

Dr. Shaw declares emphatically that if the last congress had repealed the silver coinage law of 1890 "practically all of our recent business troubles would have been avoided." He declares further that our monetary laws, "far from being of any advantage to the silver men or of any value for the future realization of bimetalism, either American or international, are of the most serious detriment to the silver cause." He regrets that the silver men show themselves so devoid of the higher principles of statesmanship as to fanatically refuse to let the present silver coinage law be repealed unless it is followed at once by absolutely free coinage of silver at the present ratio. He says:

It has now been determined to postpone the adjourned session of the international silver conference until November. Our readers will remember that when the sessions at Brussels were ended last winter it was the intention to resume them in May. It has been intimated by European governments that nothing of value can be accomplished by the conference unless the delegates from the United States shall have submitted a definite programme to which their own government is unconditionally committed. If President Cleveland should bring congress together in September or early in October and should succeed in persuading the European governments to accept the repeal of the silver purchase and coinage acts, the financial situation would be cleared up at a stroke. It would then be perfectly easy for our delegates to go to Brussels in November and to submit a proposition for the free coinage of silver under conditions of international identity to be agreed upon by treaty among the leading commercial powers. Under these circumstances this proposition would have immense weight, and in the course of a few years it would almost certainly be adopted.

Here now the other doctor: Mr. Nelson Bunnell regrets that while farmers are almost a unit in the demand for free coinage city men are almost a unit in the demand for the single gold standard, and thus city and country are arrayed against one another. He rightly observes that while the cities are so dependent on the country for prosperity it is most unfortunate that they should be divided in their ideas as to relief for the financial difficulty. Farmer Bunnell believes the only remedy is free coinage of silver and that very quick. Here is his philosophy: When the business of a country is growing at a steadily increasing rate, a constant regular increase in the quantity of its circulating medium is not enough, but the supply of money should stretch in proportion to the increase of business and population. For instance he remarks: "Business is increasing at the rate of 8 per cent a year, and the circulating medium is remaining comparatively constant. The added \$4,000,000 a year to our currency Farmer Bunnell does not think is nearly enough, while Dr. Shaw is dead certain that the too muchness of that addition under present circumstances is the main cause of our troubles."

Farmer Bunnell maintains that the increase of currency is at present only sufficient to keep up with the growth of population, not of business. He observes:

At the present time any person may take gold to the mint and receive its full weight in gold coin. We are only asking that the same privilege be extended to the holders of silver. The law now in force is an unjust discrimination against silver in favor of gold, and it is this alone which has brought about the present disparity of their values. Silver at one time under free coinage was at a premium above gold. It is not that silver has lost but that gold has gained in the last decade. This has been brought about partly by the larger output of silver, partly by the relative decrease in the gold produced, but most of all by the demonstration of silver. The same authority claims that it would bring contraction. As to that, for 80 years silver and gold were coined free, and there was no more disturbance in the markets about one metal than the other.

Experience has shown that the price of American farm products at home is governed by the amount of free tender money in actual circulation. To satisfy ourselves of this fact we have only to examine the prices of farm products during a period of 20 years, beginning with the year 1872.

As to whether I am sound or not on this question, look at the action of our United States senate—twice repeated in passing a free coinage bill. The senate is presumed to possess the best brain tissue of our government, although not always in accord with classic theories.

It appears that the Austrian and German imperial governments are profoundly interested in the American school question. They both oppose as openly as they dare and secretly with all their might instruction in the English language only in our public schools. They try to foster the un-American spirit among our immigrants and throw all the weight of their moral support on the side of schools where instruction is given in German and other foreign tongues. They can have only one object—that of insidiously working to destroy this republic. With knowledge of the depths of treachery and meanness to which the desperate monarchies of Europe are willing to descend every American citizen will know how to act. The existence of this noble and prosperous republic is a perpetual menace to kings. Self preservation impels them to resort to every means, no matter how unworthy, to disintegrate and destroy it.

The fruit trade of California is increasing enormously, and she flatters herself that she will soon be able to supply not only the United States, but Europe as well. That may all be, but with cherries, for example, at 40 cents a pound in the large American cities, what good will her abundance do anybody?

SOME OLD AMERICAN HIGHWAYS.

The magnificent roads of the ancient Incas were unsurpassed. A hardy race once dwelt in a high valley shut in by snowy mountains. Cold rains often drenched the unfriendly soil. In its native home the potato was dwarfed and bitter, maize was stunted, the hardy barley would seldom ripen, and no other cereals afforded food for man.

Bearing the hard burdens of their rugged life made the people brave and strong. In conquering many difficulties they became cunning, patient and persistent. Having grown numerous and powerful, they seized another and fertile valley and established there their central stronghold. They developed agriculture and the arts and taught a tolerant religion. By persuasion when they could, by force when they must, they allied with themselves many other people and so became strong above all other nations on the continent on which they dwelt.

They climbed the barriers that hemmed their mountain home and cultivated all the valleys that ran from them down to the sea. Their gardens terraced every mountain side. They tunneled the flying rocks and led their waters far over sandy plains scorching under rainless skies. They made the barren deserts bloom and compelled the wastes to give to man abundant food. They moved whole communities to conquered provinces, to make there new homes, to mingle with the subdued race and thus to continue the work of subjugation and of assimilation.

To hold fast also gained they established arsenals and magazines at short distances. They realized, as our own nation has not, that without food at command the largest army is weaker than the smallest, therefore stored abundant supplies along the lines of march. And from post to post, from colony to colony, from city to city, they made roads, broad, smoothly paved and walled by stone, shaded by fruit trees and by flowers.

Of such roads they had nearly a score. They stretched hundreds of miles across plains of shifting sands and through fruitful valleys. They afforded solid paths through deep morasses, spanned dizzy gorges by suspension bridges or on masses of solid masonry, scaled the faces of precipices and tunneled the eternal hills. They led through regions of deep snows and across wide wastes where no drop of rain ever blessed the parched ground. They equaled the best roads of the old world in magnitude and workmanship and were four centuries ago yet known in the western world. The great Humboldt pronounced them the most useful and stupendous works ever made by man.

The way from savagery to that high state of living, of government and of art doubtless extended through scores of centuries. The destruction of those magnificent works began with the Spanish invasion of Peru. Since that ill-omened time no approach has been made on the American continent to the excellence of the roadmaking of that ancient race. Yet they had comparatively little bulky commerce to move long distances and possessed no knowledge of the mighty power of steam, nor had they explosives nor even a tool of iron to aid them in their gigantic work.

It has been said that the road is that physical symbol by which one will understand any age or people. If they have no roads, they are savages, for the road is a type of civilized society. A leader in the cause of improvement of our public roads recently said that Colombia discovered America in vain if after 400 years we are still behind those ancient Americans and are not ashamed of it.

The People Will Have to Pay.
Roadmaking is easy enough for anybody to comprehend from the road which is made by one wagon following the track of another till the grass is worn away by hoofs and wheels, to the road that is laid with care and regularity and presents a hard and even surface that is neither very dusty in dry weather nor very muddy in wet.

That we have not as many of the kind of roads last described as we ought to have is due to the fact that the country is new and sparsely settled in comparison with its extent, and also to the fact that we have not paid as much attention to the subject of good roads as we should have done. We are beginning, however, to make up for lost time in this respect—that is, we have advanced to the point of discussing the subject, and that prepares the public mind for the next step, which we may assume will be the counting of the cost. The people will have to pay that, and so it is possible to interest even those who have no idea what bad roads there are in the vicinity of great cities in the matter.—Exchange.

Spring Roads.
A snow bank here, a puddle there, With mud between a lion's share— And then a strip of slanting loam, Washed glassy by the sun's device, Where one may sail along, sleek ship In some pond—a fonder ship With broken ribs and tattered sails, A victim for some jester's raill. And though 'twere joy to "run aground" There's not a tuffid sink around.

There's tuffid grass upon the sides, But then, alas! the gutter's sides Or slush and slop—a warning moat— Will not our longing footsteps float. The rutted track holds fast the peace We exercise with doubtful grace. And though we sigh for earth or snow In one unbroken stretch we know That spring affords in measure life Variety—the spice of life.

Cleanliness Saves Life.
With the approach of hot weather the question of clean, healthy surroundings is one that must command the attention of every one, and especially in view of the fact that reports have been published that cholera can always be prevented by keeping things clean. The physician should be the preacher of cleanliness, for cleanliness saves more lives than all of the drugs known to us. This includes body cleanliness as well as that of surroundings. Use water, deodorizers and disinfectants steadily through the hot season. There is a sanitary condition of our bodies as well as our surroundings. Bad matter is continually exuding from the pores of the skin, and if this is not washed off frequently it will become the breeding place for disease germs. Fatal germs are in dust dirt and particles that float in the air. These cling to the body, and under the warmth of the heat from the body they multiply.

Many who are filthy get infectious diseases, while those who are clean escape. It is the safest protection that one can obtain to surround the body with a clean skin. Our surroundings must also be clean, sweet and pure. Filth creates infectious atmospheric conditions that battle the wisest sanitation, and every epidemic begins in dirt. Decaying animal and vegetable matter, imperfectly cleaned clothing, person or bed, are all breeding places for diseases that may in time become epidemic. The physician should work to prevent all of this, and every one who has the good of his country in mind should aid him in trying to keep the surroundings of the community clean and sweet in hot weather.—Yankee Blade.

Immigration For May.
The immigration figures just issued by the bureau of statistics of the treasury department for the month of May show a very considerable reaction in the direction of increased immigration from the falling off of last year. For the five months ending May 31, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year, there was a falling off of 10,000 and upward, and for the 11 months a falling off of 110,000. But for the month of May, as compared with the corresponding month of 1892, there was a gain of 8,148. The details of the showing are interesting. The largest gain over last year was in Italian immigration, 7,692. The largest loss was in German immigration, 6,199. There was a falling off in the immigration from Great Britain of nearly 2,000, and a gain in Austrian-Hungarian of 1,900. There were considerable gains from the Netherlands, Russia, Sweden and Norway, and a small gain from France. The account with Denmark and Switzerland shows losses. The aggregate for the month was as follows: Austria-Hungary—Bohemia, 1,090; Hungary, 6,150; other Austria (except Poland), 7,833; Denmark, 1,191; France, 691; Germany, 18,996; Italy, 17,688; Netherlands, 3,113; Poland, 2,184; Russia (except Poland), 11,281; Sweden and Norway, 10,261; Switzerland, 607; United Kingdom—England and Wales, 6,634; Scotland, 1,688; Ireland, 11,618. All other countries, 9,011. Total, 95,385.—Detroit Free Press.

Pensions and Internal Revenue.
Texas paid last year \$306,575 of internal revenue taxes and received in pensions \$905,230. South Carolina paid \$71,819 revenue taxes and received \$171,129 in pensions. Tennessee contributed \$1,878,863 and drew out in pensions \$3,484,508. Alabama's revenue taxes were \$106,771; her pension receipts were \$400,729. Arkansas paid \$85,718.86 revenue taxes; received in pensions, \$1,470,901.77. West Virginia's revenue tax was \$807,088.36 and was paid in pensions \$3,158,708.12. Louisiana and Mississippi together paid \$784,833.29 and received \$847,553.45 in pensions. Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia paid \$3,285,573.77 internal revenue tax and received in pensions \$4,320,390.13. Step over into the northern states, and the conditions are reversed. Illinois paid in revenue tax \$36,795,838 and received in pensions \$9,345,996. New York paid \$17,670,978 revenue tax and received in pensions \$11,703,490. The aggregate amount of internal revenue taxes paid by the 10 southern states and the District of Columbia was \$6,090,892.28, and the receipts from the pensions were \$12,609,661.87, nearly twice as great.—Corporal Tammer in Brooklyn Eagle.

Had He But—
Had I but saved the hoodle I in other years have blown, today I might have had a little nest egg of my own; I might be now well heeled enough to join the happy throng, to spend a month at Jackson park and take my folks along. O poverty! thou art indeed a ragged man's distress! the robber thief of human hopes and earthly happiness, and countless thousands mourn today the fate one so abhors—but some have fun while others stay at home and do the chores. So must I stay and toil for bread and miss the great world's show, but what a motley crowd there'd be if every one should go, and in a few days at the most I'm bound to quit the fight and visit lands beyond that beat this World's fair out of sight.—Nebraska State Journal.

On to Mecca.
The pilgrims to Mecca has been extraordinarily large this year, the total number of pilgrims already being about double that of last year. Over 40,000 have passed through Suez alone, and it is estimated an equal number have arrived at Mecca by overland caravans. The usual resultant conditions of the pilgrim season favorable to epidemics have been consequently aggravated, and the Egyptian quarantine board has declared all the Hedjaz littoral to be foul and applied severe measures to prevent the spread of cholera and other diseases. Cholera has been fire at Mecca for some time, and the number of deaths has been great.—Exchange.

The well known Berlin painter of oriental subjects, Von Meckel, committed suicide after the jury for the international art exhibition rejected five of his pictures. The artist had been suffering from poverty during the last few years.

Let the hospitality to Eulalie continue unbounded. Everybody likes her. She receives a bull fight.

Are there any more tails to the Dwiggen hite?

Overdoing Things.

No one of the recent commercial failures has a stronger lesson for men of unbounded enterprise than that of Erasmus Wiman of New York city. For a number of years past Mr. Wiman was special representative of a prosperous commercial agency, and the connection gave him an income of \$25,000 a year, enough to satisfy ordinary ambition, and to earn which it would seem that 300 and odd working days are none too long. Nevertheless, Mr. Wiman for five or six years has been interested in a variety of enterprises, each of which was enough to tax one man's capacity for administrative work. One of them was a rapid transit steamboat and railway line from New York city across the bay and threading Staten Island, lines aggregating over 80 miles.

After making good progress a couple of years Mr. Wiman retired before the system was half complete, leaving the control and management to others. A second scheme was to thread the island with electrical railways, motive power to be furnished by a lighting and motor plant which has been under construction over a year. Another enterprise has been the erection of homes for the middle classes, to be sold on installments, with a life insurance policy to secure the payment and to secure the family of the purchaser in case of death. As a preparation for this enterprise Mr. Wiman secured the title to about 1,000 acres of farm land accessible and suitable for the purpose. Incidentally he has advocated and devised plans to carry out a building and loan association with the insurance feature attached to the loans. A racing association on the beach at Staten Island is another project to which Mr. Wiman has given some attention.

All of these projects are feasible and in line with public needs, and Mr. Wiman's intimate business associates declare that if he had devoted himself to any one of them exclusively he might have made a fortune for himself and created a public benefit as well. But instead from inability to attend to so many irons at once Mr. Wiman had insufficient capital at the start, although he was fortunate in possessing good credit. With incooperative enterprises resting upon foundations liable to be shaken in every financial flurry, the final outcome might have been looked for. And along with Mr. Wiman tumble the schemes. All of them feasible and reputable in themselves, they must carry the stigma of having broken an enterprising man and wait a long time for new investors.

Meanwhile the people who stand in need of the improvements must be the chief sufferers. Does that sort of a mania for doing things pay?

Of Interest to Whist Players.
The whist players of America are greatly interested because of the presence on this side of the water of Henry Jones, the Englishman who writes on this noble game of cards over the signature of Cavendish. Mr. Jones is here for the purpose of taking part in the whist congress that is to be held in Chicago, and he is in great demand wherever he goes. Whist players and newspaper men beseech him for interviews, the first class for the purpose of having knotty points of play settled by his authoritative pen, and the second for copy that may be sold for shillings. The players are delighted because the great British expert says the "American lead" has been adopted by progressive English players, and the reporters occasionally secure enough of his time to enable the making of a salable story.